

The Citizen

John Mitchell in the *Citizen* of last week addresses another letter to Archbishop Hughes, in which he makes the following pungent and proper remarks on the impropriety of the Irish keeping up their national distinctions in this country:

"To some persons, indeed, it is profitable to keep the Irish in America a body isolated and distinct—and perpetuate the anomaly, absurdity, and enormity called the 'Irish Vote.' These persons to whom this is profitable, are, first, the grog shop politicians, who, as I am informed, try to keep together each of them a clique or gang of Irish voters, by unmeaning national nonsense and patriotic pander—and so are in a condition to bargain with candidates for office. Secondly, it is profitable to your Grace; you are thus furnished with a kind of Irish organization, which, for the interests of the Church, you can and do turn into an Irish organization, and wield the same as a politico-ecclesiastical power to influence American politics—not of course to serve any object of personal ambition, (in a Catholic perlate that is 'impossible,') but for the advantage of the Church of God. Mysterious are the ways of Providence? See how a Church of God may be benefited by corner grog-shops! Thirdly, it is profitable to the ringleaders of Native Americanism, who are enabled, by pointing to this partnership between Church and grog-shop, rowdyism rotgut and religion, to alarm and irritate decent Americans, make them hate both Irishmen and Catholics, and so give up their political consciences and votes into the keeping of them, the Native ringleaders, who are, I presume, the very worst men in America; some of whom are Englishmen or Orange Irishmen in the English interest; and who are at all events playing the English game here.

"Therefore I would willingly distract and divide the 'Irish mind' of American citizens; I would introduce 'disunion' among them, making some of them Democrats, some Whigs, some Hards some Softs, some Silver Greys, and some, if possible, even Free Soilers,—anything, in short, but Know Nothings or Abolitionists. The 'Irish Strength'—the 'Irish Vote,' I would break up and abolish utterly,—inasmuch that never more should prudently Yankee pipe-layer know where he may lay a pipe to draw the Irish vote to his platform;—never, never more should priest or bishop undertake (in the interest of the Church of God) to lead his sheep with pastoral crozier into the pleasant pastures of the Hards, or by the still waters of Old Fogyism. Not as Irishmen, not as Catholics, but as bona fide American citizens I would have them go about their, daily business and exercise their common franchise. If they go on sleeping together four deep in the Calvary Cemetery, the simultaneous uprising of so many Irishmen will be enough to arouse Native American spirit at the last day; and the trump of the Resurrection will be the signal for the cry of 'Wide Awake!'"

New York Democracy.

A despatch to the New York Herald, dated Albany, September, 26, says: "It is currently rumored about town today that the meeting of the two democratic State committees meet in this city the same day—Thursday—is an omen reconciliation. The hards called their meeting first, and then the softs immediately followed. It is whispered that Anson Clark, the soft candidate for Canal Commissioner, is prepared to decline, arrangements having cordially been made to nominate him for Congress; that Andrews will withdraw on consideration of being restored to the wardenship of the Sing Sing prison; that Seymour has been tendered the place at Madrid recently occupied by Soule. The withdrawal of these respective candidates will be offered to the hard committee, and the soft portion of the democracy about face into the Bronson ranks. Nothing is said in relation to Ludlow, it being unnecessary, as he has been effectually used up by Abijah Mann. But the hards offer no *quid pro quo* in consideration of the withdrawal of the Seymour ticket. The fact that Judge Bronson occupies the same position with Seymour on the temperance question will facilitate the coalition.

The Mercantile Spy System.

Our readers must have heard of a combination formed time since, constituted of mercantile spies, whose office it was to travel throughout the United States, and, by a species of inquisition, to possess themselves, not only of the secrets of every man's business and his resources, but his character and habits. There was a regular organization of this spy system—this mercantile espionage—with the headquarters at New York, and ramifications whatever it was convenient or profitable to establish a connection.

Now, it will be seen by the most cursory view that such agencies could be made formidable engines to undermine credit and destroy character. Admitting the abstract propriety of such proceedings, the sources of erroneous information are so many, and the field is so large for the malice of informants, that no probable benefit of obtaining accurate intelligence of the real standing of mercantile houses could outweigh this mischief of such a system. We are glad, therefore, that the courts aiding public opinion in destroying an inquisition so pernicious. A verdict at New York, brought by Hale & Murdoch against S. B. Church, in which \$5,000 damages have been awarded, for injury done to their mercantile credit and reputation.

HARD TO SWALLOW.

The Greenock (Scotland) Advertiser, tells us the following "good one":—A farm servant in this neighborhood was saved from suffocation on Friday last, in a highly original and ingenious manner. A bone having stuck in her throat during dinner, and none of the family being able to get it extricated, her master called in the assistance of a neighboring farmer who was passing by. The latter fastened a string to a piece of meat, and the girl with a great effort having managed to swallow it, rapidly jerked it out again, and the bone along with it.

The Enterprise

GREENVILLE, S. C.
Friday Morning, Oct. 8, 1854.

AGENTS.
E. W. CARR, N. W. cor. of Walnut and Third-st., Philadelphia, is our authorized Agent.
A. M. PEDEEN, Fairview P. O., Greenville Dist.
W. M. C. BAILEY, Wallace's Factory, Spartanburg.
W. W. SMITH, Morrisville, Greenville District.
D. P. MCKINNEY, Slatbown, P. O., Anderson Dist.

THE CITIZEN.

SUCH is the name of a paper printed in New York, and edited by the Irish Patriot, JOHN MITCHEL. In to-day's paper will be found a well written article addressed to the "Irish in America," which is filled with sound sense, and calculated to have an effect upon those for whom it is intended, and they form a no small number in the aggregate of our population. MITCHEL is opposed to the Know Nothings—and justly too—but at the same time judges correctly of the cause of their necessitous organization. When Irish, as well as other classes of foreigners, cement together—form companies, and hold themselves aloof from all other societies—making themselves at one and the same time valuable material for the political demagogue and trickster—holding themselves thereby subservient to the machinations of designing men, it is enough to arouse Nativism and make it look about for its protection now and safety hereafter from the continual infusion of men and manners not unlike the present foreign population of this country. And so long as they thus act in concert together, to the detriment, as we think, of republicanism, we do not know but that the interests of the country, and the interests of society and individuals, demand a like unanimity of feeling with those opposed to such proceedings, even if be obtained, in part, by politico-religious organizations. MITCHEL is right—and in every article he has written we find the sure evidences of a great mind, which has been welded in favor of our institutions, and against Abolitionism, Free-soilism, Catholicism, and injustice and aggression in no matter what shape to be found.

THE ELECTION.

NEXT Monday and Tuesday will afford to the "unterrified" a fine opportunity to exercise their greatest privilege: voting for whomsoever and whatsoever they please! Almost every Candidate has his own principles—fighting beneath his own banner, and upon his own dunghill. There may be a choice of men, but to select principles the voter would not be unlike the man who had the four kinds of meat, to-wit: ram, lamb, sheep and mutton—but a little preference.

So far as we have ascertained, all the Candidates for the Legislature are in favor of a change in the Electoral system; upon the School question there is likewise a unanimity; a number are in favor of establishing a Penitentiary, and whilst all of them deprecate the evils of intemperance (so far as they have publicly announced any opinion) are opposed to legislating upon the subject. For the benefit of those wishing to fill out their tickets, or make a selection, we present the names of the Candidates: Maj. B. F. PERRY, PERRY E. DUNCAN, Esq., W. P. McBEZ, Esq., Dr. E. GANTT, J. K. STONE, Esq., and the TWO STANDING CANDIDATES!

There is a baker's dozen of applicants for the office of Tax Collector, and good men and true and among the number—but it is the universal opinion that some of them will be beaten; at the same time we know of six or seven who say they are certain of being elected! Voters, make a selection—you have the right. If you cannot, out of the large number of good and competent men offering for the different offices, you must be fastidious.

*Since the above was in type, we learn from a card that Dr. GANTT has declined.

MISS BRENNAN'S CONCERT.

MISS BRENNAN favored our citizens with a Concert on Wednesday evening last, which is to be the last she will give, at least in the Queen of the Mountains, before her departure for Europe. The Concert was held at the Mansion House, which was early filled with the beauty and fashion of our village, who have upon each succeeding occasion, thronged to hear her. She was assisted by Mr. KEOPPER, who, as a musician, sustains the reputation of an accomplished performer. The selections from "Lucretia Borgia," (the favorite of the much lamented SOUTHERN,) were sung so sweetly that the audience was completely enraptured. "Home, Sweet Home," she sang most charmingly, and "Coming through the Rye," has sweeter charms when'er again she sings it. But the crowning piece, which always brings a smile from her friends, was "I'm Over Young to Marry Yet," and whilst singing it, her countenance so beautifully expressed the sentiments of the song, we truly thought "it would be a shame, to take her from her music yet." Farewell, sweet Songstress of the bright sunny South; the hearts of a thousand kind

A LITTLE TOO FAST.

A CANDIDATE in one of the Districts of our State, for the Legislature, was recently haranguing "the dear people" upon the political questions now occupying the "public mind," when luckily (for himself) he hit upon the liquor subject. His hearers were perfectly delighted—loud and continued cheering followed his undisputed assertions. Amid the shouts of the people might be heard the voice of the speaker, as he spoke of Liberty—praising the men and their efforts who are endeavoring the rescue of mankind from the thralldom of intemperance, yet damning their principles, and proclaiming them unjust, tyrannical, and if carried out, U-N-C-O-N-S-T-I-T-U-T-I-O-N-A-L! Having finally convinced them, as he thought, of the soundness of that portion of his political code, he unfortunately stumbled upon the Penitentiary subject! He thought it necessary and expedient that an institution of the kind should be located in the State, and like a certain editor was in regard to the Asylum, he would like to see it located in Greenville District somewhere; perhaps at Paris Mountain—is to this the deponent sayeth nothing. This was a "corker" for some of them, and in little or no time he found loud opposition. Finding it no go, he bethought himself of a new feature in the liquor subject, and fell once more upon that, (a *denier resort*) and the scales changed in his favor as suddenly as they had but a short time before gone upon the other hand.

We think of making a few remarks, deducing from this incident an argument in favor of the reform movement. There is not, we verily believe, a Temperance man in the State—favoring a prohibitory law—who is anxious that the question should be made a test at the present election. Neither do we believe they have had anything to do in the propounding of questions to candidates with regard to their views upon this subject. We know of no candidate, at least in the up-country, who is stumping it or favoring a Prohibitory Law. Opponents of the measure have gotten up the whole matter themselves, whilst the other party is standing aloof from the contest. The opponents of restriction upon the sale of ardent spirits fear the contest—they anticipate its coming, and by their strenuousness may avert its coming for a time. The minds of the people are rapidly changing in this respect, and it will require but a few years more to enable the friends of Law, Order, and the much perverted, down-trodden and little-appreciated Liberty, to bring to the polls a sufficient number of votes to secure at least a change in our present license system.

But to the Liquor and Penitentiary subject. No man can with a feeling true to humanity, and a proper regard for the failings of mankind, advocate the manufacture of alcoholic drinks, their free consumption, the right to get drunk, and all that, at the same time advocate the importance of a Penitentiary system. Why not abate at once, and at the fountain, the very source of the evils calling forth the necessary erection of such an establishment. We hold it to be a self-evident fact, that if we had no distilleries and grogeries, there would be little or no use for a Penitentiary. But so long as we are to have them, and the State in a measure abets in the work of making drunkards and murderers, let there be a place for the keeping of them. And in the event it is established we would like especially to see a place fitted up for the accommodation of the distillers. It is reasonable that the cause should go with the effects.

THE LADIE'S FAIR.

THE Fair of the Ladies of the Baptist Church, which was held on Thursday evening of last week, reflected much taste upon the ladies of our village. Many beautiful and useful things were presented, and we understand near \$500 were realized from the profits of the Exhibition.

ON DIT.

It is said that the Town authorities of Anderson have taken some poor fellow's license away from him—finding that it was fast becoming a nuisance. This may be a story—like many things told of Anderson.

OFFICERS OF THE T. V. & T.

At a regular meeting of the Section, held on the evening of the 29th ult., the following officers were elected for the quarter:
W. A.—CHARLES O'NEAL,
V. A.—B. F. PERRY, Jr.
T.—G. G. WELLS,
A. T.—G. B. DYER,
S.—C. M. BESSELLE,
A. S.—JOHN M. ROBERTS,
G.—R. F. DUNN,
U.—J. O'FARRELL,
W.—JOHN C. BAILEY,
A. W.—GEORGE HOWELL,
W. P.—W. P. PRICE; Ist. A. D., C. M. McJUNKIN, 2d A. D., ———

Southern Literature.

The Petersburg *Intelligencer*, in an article headed "Literature at the South," refers to some recent taunts of the *Tribune*, in relation to the warm reception of Putnam's Magazine at the South. The *Intelligencer* makes some quotations of a very insulting character from the *Tribune*, and applies to them the following remarks, which deserves universal attention.

"What is remarkably curious too," it says, "in these protests, is that the literary patronage of the South is a matter of great moment." "These Southern writers talk as if their subscriptions to a magazine were absolutely essential to its existence." "When they succeed in giving an efficient support to a single magazine of their own, it will be time enough for them to brag of their literary benevolence and pecuniary magnificence." "Jerusalem is waxing fat." After having for nearly half a century luxuriated upon Southern softness in the shape of an enormous voluntary tribune which has built up their cities, and nearly the whole structure of their present wealth and power, these Northern beneficiaries, if the *Tribune* is to be believed, can now do very well without us. A short time since that journal asserted, with great sang froid that Southern merchants dared not show themselves in the streets of New York lest they might be disagreeably reminded of their debts to the merchants there. It is to be wished that these taunts and sarcasms may have the effect of rousing the South to a proper sense of her dignity and true interests, and to the pursuit of a wise policy in future. Let us, say we, give an efficient support to our own literature and our own commerce, which we have been so long and so suicidally neglecting to do. Let us deal with the North in a way to convince her that we are not altogether insensible or unworthy of the various facilities and advantages which nature has supplied us for an independent commerce and an independent literature. Let us spend more of our money at home and less abroad. We go for Southern Periodicals—for Southern Books and for Southern Rights. We are not for severing our connection with the North, but only stripping it of its vassalage. We are not for sundering ties, but for breaking chains. We are not for non-intercourse, but for less humiliating and more profitable relations.

The Rice Crops.

The Pee Dee Times of yesterday says:—"Since the memorable gale of the 7th, 8th, and 9th, we have had very unsettled weather. For several days past the weather has been cool and pleasant, with varying winds, and the harvesting of the rice crop persisted in with great activity, and much active work has been done. Much damage has been done to the rice crop by the late gale, but we believe the real loss has been exaggerated by the various letter writers and newspaper statements, as relates to our neighborhood. We may say, however, that the damage to the rice field banks has been much heavier than was stated. In some exposed situations the remaining crops will have to be harvested without the aid of banks to keep out the water.

The Sandwich Islands Treaty.

The Albany Evening Journal, which speaks apparently *ex cathedra*, asserts positively that a treaty for the annexation of the Sandwich Islands is now in Washington, the substance of which is as follows:—"The Islands are to be at once admitted into the Union, not as a territory, but as a State—with full sovereign power. In consideration of this surrender of their national sovereignty, the United States, besides agreeing to respect all existing charters, land titles, &c., are to pay some \$300,000 or \$400,000 annually as life annuities to such persons as the sovereign authorities shall designate."

There are other provisions of the treaty which its negotiators must have consented to, no less extraordinary than that stipulating for the admission of these Islands as a State, and not as a territory. Annuities are provided for the royal families and nobles, amounting to about thirty individuals, which pensions are to cease with their natural lives. As the average of their ages is about 40 years, this would make a snug sum. The pension system has never been extended beyond the Indians of this continent, whose peculiarity of relation to the United States, that of tutelage, rendered it necessary; but whether it would be proper to originate a system of this kind with outside barbarians, would be a question of policy. "Besides the sovereignty of the Islands, all the government property, including buildings, claims upon foreign governments, &c., will, it is understood, be transferred to the United States Government by this treaty. The value of these buildings alone is said to exceed \$1,500,000, and the claims upon the British and French Governments amount to about \$500,000 more; making an aggregate of \$2,000,000.

THE Journal of Commerce states that the business of preserving fruits, meats, &c., in air-tights cans, has become of considerable importance since the existence of a large demand from California. One concern had an order from Boston, last month, for 12,000 cans of peaches, and another for 7,000 cans of huckleberries. The apparatus used is Green's Patent. It consist of a strong iron receiver, furnished with glass lights, and connected with an air-pump capable of producing a vacuum of 15 lbs to the inch. This pressure is regulated at will by a barometer. The fruit, or other substance, is placed in cans made air-tight, with the exception of a small perforation having solder metal placed around it. Several of these cans are then put in the receiver, and the apertures aforesaid are closed with great facility, by means of a heated iron worked from without through the top of the receiver, by a universal ball joint. To render the exclusion of air more complete, heat is introduced into the receiver by a small pipe, and can be maintained at as high a temperature as 300 deg, but from 72 to 80 deg, (equal to 212 deg, or boiling heat, without the vacuum) is the temperature ordinarily preferred. In this way the gases contain in the meats, fruits, &c., are released and expelled.

A WOULD-BE prophet, down South, said lately, in one of his sermons, that he "was sent to redeem the world and all things therein." Whereupon a native pulled out two five dollar bills on a broken bank, and asked him to fork over the specie for them.

California Wonders.

CALIFORNIA always was a wonderful country, but it is now getting to be more wonderful than ever. It is a land of marvels and marvellous phenomena, natural and unnatural. The papers by the last steamer told us of the discovery of a lake, the waters of which were so largely possessed of the principle of buoyancy that the human body would not sink in it. Still more extraordinary is the discovery of a subterranean pass through the mountains of the Sierra Nevada.

No doubt all this is true; we can believe almost anything after the "Luoyan water story;" but then there have been so many like drafts on our credulity from the same quarter, in times past, that we must be excused if we insist on time to consider whether it is best to take the above all down as "facts," or to spice it with a "few grains of allowance." By the way, it may not be impertinent to inquire of our California contemporary what has become of the "remains of the wonderful city" some Major Longbow discovered near the head waters of the Colorado last summer? We should like to have an inquest on those "remains" if they can be found. The "strange people" inhabiting that same "city" we should also like to hear from, at earliest convenience.

The Truth must Prevail.

WHEN Boston closed the gates of Faneuil Hall upon her great Webster the heart of the country opened unto him. When Philadelphia hung the palaces of her merchant princes in sable because Jackson had defied the Bank of the United States, Labor uplifted his broad brow and blessed the hero who had resisted the monster. So will it be with Judge Douglas at Chicago. Refused a hearing there, he will go out among the people of the State and address them in their villages and in their towns—upon their vast prairies and by their lovely streams. Chicago will hear him then. Chicago will hear him in the majority which will answer to his eloquence in the State, and in the shouts that will encourage those noble representatives who stand upon the great principle of popular sovereignty. The fanatic who closes their ears to truth, and who clamor down the champions of the right, more and more remind us of the despots of the Old World—of those who, terrified at the voice of the people, and trembling at the approach of reform, seek to drown the tones of honest opinion in a sea of blood, or to shut out the great doctrines of freedom by concealing themselves behind walls of triple granite. They hear at last, however, but that is only when they fall.—*Wash. Union.*

AGAIN ARRESTED.

THE angel Gabriel has been arrested at Washington and committed on the very pertinent and truthful charge of being "a general disturber of the peace." A long dirk was found concealed upon his person.

WARRENTON, Sept. 21st, 1854.

Col. A. P. ROBERTSON:—Dear Sir:—On returning home yesterday, I found our town already filled with your citizens, and heard of the calamity about to befall your city. We can do nothing more than to offer you citizens the use of our Camp Ground, about seven miles from Thomson, on the Georgia Railroad. We have about thirty fine, good, new tents on the Camp Ground, each capable of accommodating about twenty persons, with an abundance of good water and wood near by. Some of the tents have plank floors and all are in good order and situated in a healthy part of our country. I will have at least three two-horse wagons at our Depot to move such of your citizens down as may come up on the day train of cars, to the Camp Ground every day.

Looking for a Letter.

DEAR reader, did you ever look and wait, wait and look for an expected epistle, till your eyes were dim with watching? Thus have I looked many a time—thus look I now; and I really know nothing more spirit crushing. One cannot keep up one's accustomed life and energy. It will cease away. One cannot work, one cannot read, one cannot think as he would. The burden of the heart continually is, "why don't it come?" "Ah, why don't it come?" Perhaps sickness had laid low the hand that should and would have wielded for us the pen. Perhaps death has stilled it forever. Perhaps—but these visions are too terrible, we will shut them out from our hearts and from before our eyes. To-morrow the letter may come. And thus we will wait and hope on.

But truly, there is no greater cross to bear in life I ween, than the not receiving of expected letters. One is always ready to imagine the worst picture the most terrible. If only the negligent would think of this, if only they would relieve the pain and anguish they are causing, the letters would come. Even in sickness, let the expected missive speed on its way. There are friends, usually, around the sick bed. Let them write to tell the absence of the beloved ones. Even should death come in their words, it were not much worse than this terrible suspense. Indeed, nothing is worse—nothing more truly heart trying.—*Olive Branch.*

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

THE Louisville Journal says:—"Twenty-five thousand dollars of the \$10 bills of the Mechanics' Bank, Memphis, Tennessee, were stolen from the room of the President, on the 15th inst. They are numbered from 1 to 1,250, inclusive, and dated July 4, 1854, with a large blue X engraved on the lower side of the bill, between the vignettes. The President states that none of the bills of the above date, mark, and denomination have been put in circulation by the bank, and will not be paid.

THE KANSAS SEAL.

WE have just seen the seal of the Territory of Kansas, engraved by Robert Lovett, of Philadelphia, according to the design of Governor Reeder. It consists of a shield with two supporters and surmounted by a scroll motto, and is emblematic of the life of the pioneer and the agriculturalist. The lower compartment of the shield contains the buffalo and the hunter—the upper contains the implements of agriculture. The left hand supporter is a pioneer with his smock frock, leggings, rifle and tom ahawk; whilst on the right is the Goddess Ceres with her sheaf, and at their feet, and between them, lies a fallen tree and axe. The motto is a beautiful and striking allusion to the principle on which the territory was organized, and consists of the "POPULVOCE NATA," translated—*Born of the popular will.* The whole design is, we think, well devised, highly suggestive, and in excellent taste.

BISHOP ONDERDONK.

THE New York Churchman comes out in favor of restoring Bishop Onderdonk on the ground of justice to the Bishop, the harmony of the church, the spiritual interests of the diocese, and duty to God. We extract a passage from this article:—"Lastly, and more emphatically than all, God himself demands it. It was no trivial injustice to the King of Heaven to deprive his Church of a zealous chief pastor in his flock, to discredit religion, by setting a mark of shame upon a bishop who had been regarded as one of its chief ornaments during a long course of years. It is much more a sin, greater and growing, a solemn and deliberate wrong, to keep him still an exile from the sacred duties of his episcopacy. Anxiously his restoration is now awaited—an act of reconciliation with an offended God."

COMFORT BEFORE GENTILITY.

IF you feel best in old and familiar clothes, stick to them. How one feels is of far more importance than mere looks provided propriety is not offended. And yet Mr. Hollycock had rather be miserable in a dress-up rig than comfortable in worn garments; while Mrs. Fennypolis is "wretched" if she isn't cosseted and starched up to within an inch of her Queen's Institution, humanity.